

A
LETTER
TO THE
INHABITANTS
OF

Great Britain and Ireland.

Attempting to impress them with a suitable Sense of the invaluable Worth of their civil and religious Liberties, to give them a just Idea of Popery, and to stir them up to meet a perfidious Enemy, who threaten to invade our Land.

The Second EDITION corrected.

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London:
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in St. Paul's Church-
Yard. 1756.





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 TO THE
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 OF
Great Britain and Ireland.

My dear Countrymen and Friends,



IT is an unspeakable Mercy, that we live in a Land abounding with civil and religious Privileges, under a PRINCE so happily fitted for Government, and under the Protection of that GOD, who has made us his immediate Care, guarded our Liberties, and about all our Glory has hitherto created a *Defence*. BRITAIN has for a Series of Years been *remarkable* for her Peace at Home, whatever necessary Wars we may

have been engag'd in Abroad, has been preserv'd in the most threatening Dangers, and kept from falling a Prey to those, who have had an *insatiable Thirst* after our most invaluable Enjoyments. As often as the Enemy have attempted our Ruin, so often has God appear'd, and by his gracious interposing Hand, deliver'd us from the Snare, that has been laid for us. *Salvation has been commanded for Walls and Bulwarks*, averted numberless Storms from us, and caus'd them to fall upon neighbouring Nations. What Desolations has he lately brought upon *Popish* and *Mahometan* Powers! We have heard the awful Report, but have not felt the tremendous Judgment. Yet secure as we have hitherto been from the divine Stroke, we are now *alarm'd*: *Alarm'd*, not with the Terrors of an *Earthquake*; (though this Arrow he might have let fly from his Quiver) Not with Thousands dying at our right Hand, and our left, by a destructive *Plague*; not by hungry *Famine* emaciating our Bodies, and wasting our Lives by its painful Tortures. These, tho' peculiarly dreadful, come from the *immediate* Hand of God, and therefore require the utmost Calmnes and Submission. But we are *alarm'd* with the Sound of an *INVASION*: An *INVASION* from an *Enemy*, who, if they are permitted to come, will come with the most *envenom'd Rage*, with *Designs of Cruelty*, to *rob us* of our dearest Enjoyments, bring us under the *Gallick Yoke*, and subject us to *Popish Tyranny*, than which nothing is more unpleasing to a *BRITON*: A *BRITON*, who is *born* for Liberty, knows its incomparable Sweetnes, and cannot easily be persuaded to give it up, when in Exchange he must be subjected

jected to the most *abject Slavery*. And, though the Hand of that God, who superintends all the Affairs of this lower World, is visible herein, and we are therefore to seek after a proper Submission to his infinitely wise Disposals ; yet we are to act as *Men* and *Christians*, and not tamely part with what he has secured to us so long by a Train of interposing Providences.

Rouze up then ye BRITONS ! Rouze my dear COUNTRYMEN and FELLOW-SUBJECTS : Rouze from your Lethargy ; and whilst you are acknowledging the Hand of God, and humbling yourselves before him, let your Breasts fire with warm Resentment against those, who would Sacrifice your All to their implacable Fury, and act with the utmost Vigour for those dear Liberties, which you have been so long distinguish'd by the Possession of.

Hark, the Alarm of WAR has reach'd you, WAR, not in the Countries of our Friends and Allies ; but in *your own Land*, that important Spot, which has been so long the Care of divine Providence. See your Enemies *Coasts* swarming with Men arm'd for Battle, Men full of *black Designs*, and only waiting an Opportunity to put them into Execution upon your Persons and Properties. See, *PERFIDIOUS FRANCE* is not content to interrupt your Brethren *abroad* in the quiet Possession of their Lands and Liberties ; not content to fill *AMERICA* with Desolations ; to commit the most *inhumane Cruelties*, Work only fit for *savage Indians*, but would fain perpetrate the same in *ENGLAND*, lay its famous *Metropolis* in Ruins, and pluck the *best of Kings* from the Throne, to which he has the *justest Right.*

Right. See these resolute Foes thirsting after your *Blood*, determin'd to conquer, or die, vowed all the *Vengeance* that diabolical Malice can suggest, and promising themselves the most delightful Triumph over all you esteem sacred and valuable.

Rouze from your Security, and act like Men. *Be of good Courage, and behave yourselves Valiantly.* Where are our brittish *Heroes*? Where our *Gentlemen* and *Merchants*, who in the late unnatural Rebellion offer'd themselves so willingly to guard their dearest Liberties? Where those *Youths*, who then fired with *martial Ardour*, *associated*, and learn'd to *wield* the military Weapons in the Defence of their *KING* and *COUNTRY*? Have you *lost* your *heroick Spirit*? Are you *weary* of *Liberty*? Have you imbib'd *Sentiments* of *Dissolution*? Methinks it is *Time to Rouze*. What Courage would it inspire our *Soldiers* with, when they found, that they were not left *alone* to bear the Heat of the Day, but had *Numbers* *voluntarily venturing* their All in the Defence of their *Royal Sovereign*? How must it animate his sacred Breast, to see his *Subjects* still *loyal* and *active* to preserve his Government, and how *endear* you to every Branch of that *illustrious Family*, who have put themselves under your Protection, and make your Interest their own? How would it *intimidate* the daring *Enemy* both *Abroad* and *at Home*, and tend to *prevent* the Execution of their fatal *Designs*? Lay aside then for the present the *Sweets of Trade*, and may your *Hands* be taught to *War*, and your *Fingers* to *Fight*. Enter, steadily and zealously enter into every necessary Measure to *curb* the *Insolence*, and *bumble*

bumble the Haughtiness of your *implacable* Enemies, to secure your Properties, and to show your *Loyalty* to your *Prince*, and his *Royal Progeny*. Let every *uneasy* Thought subside, every *Murmur* be hush'd, every *party Quarrel* drop, and every *Name of Distinction* be forgotten, and join Hearts and Hands in your own, and your Country's Defence. Let your *Purses* and your *Persons* be *ever ready* to assist, and forward the Execution of every Scheme that may be calculated for the *Safety* of the Nation ; and let *private Interest* give way to *publick Good*. *Crush* every Design that is form'd to *distress* the Government, and let it appear by your *Behaviour*, by your *Generosity*, and your *Zeal*, how much your *Hearts* are engag'd in the Interest of your *KING*.

I am persuaded you cannot *disbelieve* the formidable Design of your Enemies against you. However you may think them *incapable* of putting it in Execution ; you will readily grant, that their *Inclination* prompts them to every Thing that would be destructive to you. You see the *Preparations* that are making, the *prudent* and *vigorous Measures* that are taking to repel the Enemy ; all which are clear and incontestible Evidences of the *Apprehensions* of an *INVASION*. And is not this a Call to *ARMS*. Your *King*, your *Country*, your *Liberties*, your *Properties*, all cry, to *ARMS*. Lie not therefore in *Indolence*, *Men, Brethren and Fathers* ; nor sink into a *fatal Effeminacy* ; but *Awake*, and quit yourselves like *ENGLISHMEN*, like *BRITONS* ; and let your *PRINCE* see, that you still retain the *same Principles of Loyalty* you once discover'd, and are *as ready*

ready to assist him as ever with your *Lives* and *Fortunes*.

I persuade myself, none that *love* their *KING* and *Country*, their *Religion* and *Liberty*, will *Repine* or *Murmur* at the Entrance of * *foreign Troops*, into our *Land*, when they come as *friendly* and *faithful Allies* to assist us. We have Reason to *Rejoice*, that whilst our *Enemies* are waiting for an Opportunity to distress and ruin us, we have *so many* ready to appear in our *Defence*, and willing to expose themselves to the greatest *Dangers* for our *Sakes*. It is not to *plunder* you, my dear *Countrymen*, that these *Troops* are embarking for *England*, but to *assist* you. They come upon the most *friendly Er-rand*, with the *kindest Views*; *Views* of the *ul-most Importance* to your *Interest*. They come, not to *hasten* on your *Ruin*, but to *deliver* you from it. They come to brandish their *Swords* in the *Defence* of your *Persons* and *Liberties*, and to stop the *Torrent* of *Popish Bigotry* and *Cruelty*, and *arbitrary Power*, with which we are threatened. *Wish* for them, and *welcome* their *Arrival*. Is it an additional *Expence* that is hereby brought upon you? *Clearfully submit* to it, as hereby your *Substance* and all your *Enjoyments* may be *fully secured*.

Exert yourselves, my *Fellow Subjects*, exert yourselves in the present critical *Juncture*; not only by suppressing and discountenancing *all Disloyalty* in others, and endeavouring to impress the *Minds* of all around you, with a *Sense* of the *inestimable Privileges* they *enjoy* under the *present Government*; but by *clearfully contributing* to every *Scheme* that tends to your *Security*, and

* The *Dutch* and *Hessians*.

and forming yourselves into Companies * learning the Art of *War*, and with a firm Resolution, under God to stand by your KING and COUNTRY, your FAMILIES, and your PROPERTIES. You will not esteem it a *Reflection* upon you, as if I imagine you *disloyal*, or *absolutely insensible* of your Privileges, should I expostulate with you upon this important Head. I hope you are not all asleep, but that you are considering what Steps are necessary to be taken for our common Preservation. If what I may suggest, may be a means of stirring you up to present Action, and of kindling the Fire of Zeal in the Breasts of any that dwell in Ease and Security, I shall esteem it a peculiar Happiness, and not think my Labour in vain.

Can you give up a PRINCE, the best in the known World, to the Pleasure of a French Tyrant, or see him stoop to the ambitious and haughty MONSIEUR? Who would not chearfully enter the

* It is with great Pleasure I have heard that there are some Gentlemen, who, sensible of the *Value* of their civil and religious Privileges, of the Happiness of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, have form'd themselves into a Company, with a Design to learn the military Exercise, and so to be fitted for standing up for their KING and Country, in case of Emergency. Noble Scheme! amiable Views! Go on, ye Friends of Liberty and Religion. May indulgent Providence Smile upon your Undertaking! May you be *endeared* by this Instance of your Nobleness of Soul, to your worthy PRINCE, and to your Fellow-Subjects, and especially to the Inhabitants of this Metropolis! May others be animated and fir'd by *your Example*; may you encrease into a TROOP indeed, and with united Hearts and Hands stand fast together in the Support of the *best of Causes*! and may God, if he should call you to Action, *cover your Heads* at the important Moment, and long spare you to be *Blessings* to your native Land!

B

Field,

Field, and boldly venture upon *Danger*, to pre-serve a Life so important, as is that of **GREAT GEORGE**? Whose *Liberties* has he attack'd? Whose *Properties* has he taken away? Have not *Justice* and *Mercy* preserv'd an equal Balance in all his Government? Has he not the *Trade*, the *Peace*, the *Religion* of his People at Heart? Is not *his Comfort*, *his Life*, bound up with yours? Has God spar'd him so many Years to be a **FATHER** to his *British Subjects*, and the *Guardian* of their *Religion*; and are you not mov'd at the Attempts which are made to dis-turb the *Peace* of his Government? Will any of you add *Affliction* to his Years, and make the Remains of his Life unpleasant by an *indolent Slothfulness*, when Providence calls you to *Activity*? Far be it from me to entertain such a Thought of a **BRITON**!

*Can you give up a FAMILY, to * whom under God you owe the Enjoyment of your present Liberties?* A **FAMILY** evidently the *Indulgence* of *Hea-ven*; a **FAMILY** consisting of so many **ILLUS-TIOUS BRANCHES**, all train'd up in *Protestant Principles* to make a People happy? Can you see the **ROYAL WIDOW** of the late amiable **PRINCE OF WALES**, her *Prudence* and *Piety*; her great Concern that all her dear *Offspring* may be *Blessings* to *Protestants*, and *glorious Sup-*

* An Instance of this we have had in our own Times, viz. the Victory obtain'd over the *Rebels* at **CULLODEN**, in the memorable Year 1745. and the Deliverance we therefore had from the base Designs of a *cruel Usurper*, under the prudent Conduct of his Royal Highness **WILLIAM DUKE OF CUM-BERLAND**; who has endear'd himself to his Country by his Bravery and martial Courage, and whom may **GOD** long con-tinue an *Honour* and a *Blessing* to **Britain**.

porters in their Day of that important Cause ? Can you view her putting herself under *your Care*, depending upon *your Zeal and Faithfulness* to secure her from the Insults of Enemies, and to administer to her Comfort and Happiness ? Can you consider all this without *Emotion* ?

Can you see her ROYAL OFFSPRING, those *Blessings* which *Heaven* has given us, fixing *their Eyes* upon *you*, and depending upon *you* for Protection ? Can you see the *promising Hopes* they give you of *rewarding* your Care and Faithfulness, by standing up for *that Cause*, which lies so near your Hearts ? Can you see an *insolent Enemy* wishing their *Destruction*, nay, forming *Designs* for it, and not *chearfully draw* your *Swords* in their Defence ?

Can you give up the *young promising Branch* **GEORGE**, *the Heir Apparent* to the *Crown of BRITAIN*, for a **CHARLES**, a *Dupe to France*, a *bigoted Papist*, a *Tool therefore to Rome* ? Methinks I see all the Powers of your Souls *move* at the Thought, and *Martial Courage* filling your animated Breasts.

Can you give up the *Protestant* for a *Popish superstitious Worship* ? a *Worship* so *uncchristian*, so *irrational* and *absurd* ? Can you see your *Churches* fill'd with *Images*, and with all the *Trumpery of Rome* ; and can you *join* the deluded Throng in *falling down* before them, and in *calling* upon *Saints* and *Angels* to *plead* for and *protect* you, as if there was not an *able, willing* and *faithful MEDIATOR* in *Heaven* to do all this for you ? Can you see the **WHORE of BABYLON** introducing all her *Fooleries* and *Superstitions*, and *imposing* them upon your Consciences ?

Can you thus tamely give up your religious Liberties, and submit to the *Romish Yoke*, without drawing your Swords in your Defence? Is your Religion of *no Importance*; or is it only the *Invention of Men*, a *political Scheme* to preserve Decency and Order?

Can you see your *Ministers*, those who have *instructed* you in the most important Matters, who have *sought* your everlasting Peace, and *labour'd* to promote the Good of your Souls; Can you see them driven into Corners, flying from the Rage of *bloody Persecutors*, starving with *Hunger*, *Cold* or *Nakedness*, and expos'd to every Hardship, for *their Zeal* for that *Gospel*, which they have so often preach'd amongst you? Can you be content to hear their Voices *no more*, but to see them *tore* from their *Wives* and *Children*, and all their tender and affectionate Relations, *cruelly imprison'd*, *arraign'd*, *condemn'd*, and *lead* to the *Stake*, there to *expire* in the midst of *scorching Flames*? Can you think of *SMITHFIELD's FIRE* being *again kindled*, to destroy your *Countrymen*, your *Fellow Protestants*, your *aged Fathers*, and your *nearest Relatives*?

Can you part with your *BIBLES*; throw away that *sacred Volume*; that which *God* has *so long indulged* you with; that which has *so often supported* you under Difficulties, *rais'd* your fainting Souls, *form'd* you into the *divine Likeness*, *open'd* to you all the *Treasures of Eternity*, and *encourag'd* you with such glorious Prospects? Can you *clearfully give up that*, which *many* have counted *dearer* than their *Lives*, and which has *animated* their Souls under *Racks* and *Tortures*, and made even *Flames themselves a soft Pillow*,

or a Bed of Down? Can you thus give up *all* your religious Privileges at once? Have you no Desire to transmit them to *Posterity* that your *Childrens Children* may enjoy them, and say, "these are what our *Fathers* bravely maintain'd, even unto Blood. That we might be kept from *Popish Superstition*, and have secur'd to us *all* the *Advantages* of the *Gospel*, they *chearfully fac'd* the greatest Dangers, *hazard-ed* their *Lives*, their *Fortunes*, their *All*: How *highly* should we esteem them then, and how *carefully improve* them?" Are not *these* Thoughts enough to *enliven* and *rouze* you, and put you upon preparing to meet *that* *Enemy*, that would *rob* you and *your Posterity* of these in-valuable Blessings? To *ARMS* then, to *ARMS*; or shall your *Privileges* cease with your *Lives*?

Can you willingly submit to be *impos'd* upon by *popish Priests*, those *Locusts* of the Earth, whose *chief Concern* it is, like the *Pharisees* of old, to *devour Widows Houses*, and for a *Pretence* make *long Prayers*; who will *rob* you of your *Substance*, to satisfy their *insatiable Thirst* after *Riches*, and all *clok'd* under the *show* of *Religion*? Can you think of *submitting* to their *Tyranny*, of having *your Houses* *examin'd*, and *all your Affairs* under the *Inspection* of those, who will only *watch* for *your Ruin*?

Can you think of *Prisons* and *Murders*, *Racks* and *Tortures* for *yourselfes* and *your Children*? Can you think of having your *Land* *over-spread* with a *People* of a *foreign Country*, a *Peo-ple perfidious* and *cruel*, whose *Principles* are to *break through* the most *solemn Engagements*, and do all they can to *extirpate Heresy*? Can you think

think of giving up every Thing that is *dear to* you, and submitting to the *Caprice* and *Cruelty* of the *Votaries* of ROME ? All this you must do, all this you must *feel*, unless you run into all the superstitions of *Popery*, than which, I am perswaded, nothing can be more *disagreeable* to a **PROTESTANT**. For the Truth of what I say, only go to *those Countries*, where *Popery* triumphs ; and see the *Insults* of the *Priests*, the *Ignorance* and *tame Submission* of the *Populace*, nay of the *Gentlemen* themselves. Go to the present *depopulated* **LISBON**, and see their Superstitions ; notwithstanding the Judgments of GOD upon them, which are enough, one would imagine, to command the greatest *Awe* and *Reverence* in the most audacious sinners ; yet see the *Priests*, **THAT SACRED TRIBE**, using all possible *Artifices*, nay telling the *greatest Falshoods*, and even *fathering* them upon GOD himself, that they may thereby *plunder* the remaining *Inhabitants*, already reduc'd to a *starving Condition* by the Hand of Providence. Is this *POPERY* ? Is this to live under the **BISHOP** of **ROME** ? GOD deliver us from such a *Religion* and from such *Priests* !

If this is the Case with *Papists* themselves how must it be with *Protestants*, living under a *Popish Prince*, expos'd to the Rage of *Popish Priests* ? To know this, go to **FRANCE**, and view the Sufferings of your **PROTESTANT BRETHREN**. See *Men* and *Women* hall'd to *Prison*, without Distinction. See *Fathers* torn from their *Children*, *Husbands* from their *Wives*, *Ministers* from their *People*. See *Soldiers* quarter'd upon them, *watching* their *Motions*, *interrupting* their *Assemblies*, *plundering* their *Houses*. See *heavy Fines*

Fines laid upon them, *Confiscation of Goods*, and *Lives* taken away without the least Discovery of Compassion. 'Tis impossible for me to represent all the dreadful Cruelties that are inflicted upon them. No Wonder they are willing to *fly* from such a Country, and to take Refuge where they may enjoy the *Sweets of Liberty*. Pity them, my dear *Countrymen*, and help them by your *Prayers* and your *Purses*, and judge from their melancholy Circumstances, what yours would be if *France* should gain the *Conquest*. *France* gain the *Conquest*, did I say? My *Heart* trembles at the Thought! Methinks, I see every *Briton* rouzing from his *Effeminacy*, arming for the *Battle*, and, like a *true Englishman*, determining to secure his dear *Sovereign and Liberties*, or *die in the Field*. And what would *Life* be, my *Fellow-Subjects*, what would *Life* be, if our *KING*, our *RELIGION*, our *LIBERTY*, our *ALL*, were gone! Unhappy they, who should survive such a *Loss* as this, the greatest *Loss* that *ENGLAND* can possibly sustain! But fear not, if you *rent your Hearts and not your Garments*, and return unto the *LORD*, and in a *Dependence* upon his *Providence* prepare to meet the *Enemy*, fear not their *Power*, their *Malice*, their *Rage*. Your *Cause* is *good*: and what can be more encouraging? Had you such a *Cause* to support, as those bold *Desperadoes* in the late *unnatural Rebellion*, you might sink in *Despair*, and draw the *Sword* in vain like them. But the *Cause* you have to maintain, is worthy the utmost *Regard* of a *Man*, and a *Christian*. If to defend a *PROTESTANT PRINCE*, to secure our *civil and religious Liberties*; if to stand up for our *Wives, our Children and Substance*, be lawful, then

then *your Cause is good*. Under a thorough Satisfaction of this, and *looking up* for a divine Blessing, you may *enter* the *Field* with an *undisturb'd Serenity*. This will *animate* you with *Courage*, and give *Strength* to your *Arms*, to wield the military *Weapon*, far *beyond* what *those* will be capable of doing, who come to support the *Cause* of *Cruelty* and *Injustice*, and therefore are destin'd to the *FORLORN HOPE*. Why then do not our *Streets*, our *Fields* sound with *Drums* and *Preparations* for *War*? Let it not be said, that the *Noblesse* of *France* are determin'd, *bad as their Cause is*, to stand by their *Prince*, and come in *Person* to avenge the *Indignities*, they *vainly apprehend* are offer'd to their *Grand Monarque*, whilst we are *sunk* in *Pleasure*, or lying upon a *Bed of Sloth*, and *unprepar'd*? Let *ENGLAND* then; *ENGLAND* that *favourite Spot of Heaven*; *ENGLAND* that has been the *Care* of a *GUARDIAN GOD*; *ENGLAND* that has so often been deliver'd from the *Jaw* of the *Lion*, that has enjoy'd her *Privileges* so long *unmolested* in *Spite of Hell and Rome*: Let *ENGLAND* awake, see the *desperate Designs* that are form'd against her *happy Constitution*; *Designs* of the most *abject* and *miserable Slavery*; and let *every Inhabitant* who values a *Protestant Government*, and a *Protestant Religion*, *willingly offer himself* upon this *important Occasion*, and do all he can to crush the *Designs* of *France*, and preserve the *Happiness* of this *distinguish'd Island*.

Ye Representatives of the Nation; (if I may be permitted to speak to you.) Your respective *Boroughs* and *Counties* have plac'd the utmost *Confidence* in you, upon a *Presumption*, and I hope

hope a *just* one too, that you are hearty Friends to his *Majesty's Person and Government*, and are ready in Case of Emergency to venture your *Lives*, and devote your *Fortunes* to the support of your *KING* and *COUNTRY*. Let them see how ready you are to answer their Expectations, and to encourage those Measures that are necessary for the Safety of the Nation. May you act with *Unanimity*, and *Resolution* when *Assembled* together, study the *Peace* and *Comfort* of your *Sovereign* and *Family*, and the true *Welfare* of your *Country*. And may you each be an Instrument of stirring up a Spirit of the warmest *Zeal* in your respective Districts, encouraging the brave and loyal *Souls*, but *discountenancing* every Appearance of *Disaffection* and *Indolence*, and especially discouraging every Scheme that may be laid to *poison* the Minds of his *Majesty's Subjects*, or draw them to the *supporting* an Interest *justly despis'd* by every understanding Protestant, as well as most desperate.

Ye Gentlemen of Estates, you are interested, peculiarly interested in the present Situation of Affairs. Should a Change in the Government ensue, how *much longer* will they be *yours*? Your Lands and Possessions are *mark'd out*, and already *dispos'd of* by the Emissaries of Rome. And can you *willingly part with them*, when you have *enjoy'd* their *Sweets* so long? Will it not give you the *utmost Pain and Anxiety* to see Strangers enjoying your *Inheritance*, and calling your Estates by their *own Names*, whilst you are *oblig'd* to take *Shelter* in a *Cottage*, or are *drove* to the *Woods and Deserts* for a *Refuge*?

Ye Merchants and Men of Property, who have got under Providence, by your Industry and Care, your various Comforts ; can you *clearfully* give them up, see your Houses rifled, your Goods and your Chattels *seiz'd*, and made use of to support the Lives of *perfidious Frenchmen* ? Are you willing to be *reduc'd* to Dependence, Poverty and Nakedness, laid under the *severest Fines*, or sent to a *noisome Prison*, to end your Days in *Misery* and *Wretchedness* ? None of these Things can be *pleasant*. Why then do you not *Arm*, and appear with *Vigour* upon the present Occasion ?

Ye Ministers, ye Teachers of others ; you have the *greatest Reason* to exert yourselves in endeavouring to spread *Religion* and *Loyalty* amongst your People. *You* above all must expect to feel the *Roman Scourge*, if *Popery* was to be establish'd. *You* are under the *greatest Obligations* of esteeming a *PROTESTANT GOVERNMENT*, and should be every Day inculcating not only the strongest Affection to his *Majesty's Person* and *Family*, and to stir up those under your Care to appear in *publick*, in Case of *Necessity*, but to *pray earnestly* for a divine Blessing, and even to learn the *Use of Arms* yourselves, to set your People an *Example*, and *animate* them with *Courage*.

Ye who wear the Sword in Defence of your King and Country. You are call'd to manifest your Martial Ardour, and show your *hearty Affection* to your *Prince*, and your *Skill* and *Resolution* in War.—*Ye Generals and Officers*, we wish you *God's Speed*, and depend upon your *Faithfulness* and *Activity*.—*Ye Soldiers*, who are more particularly

cularly to fight for your KING and COUNTRY. Be *faithful*, be *courageous*. Remember the *Enemy* with whom you may engage, are coming upon an *unjustifiable Errand*. Go in the Name of your GOD, and shew yourselves *Men*. Stand *firm* and *undaunted*, and fear not, the *Victory* will be *Yours*.

Ye brave Commanders upon the Ocean. Our Eyes are upon *you* in a particular Manner at this critical Juncture. Be *faithful* to the *Trust* repos'd in you, and *endear* yourselves to your PRINCE and your *Fellow-Subjects* by your *Care* and *Watchfulness*, and may the *Enemy* by your Means sink like *Lead in the mighty Waters*. And do *you* who act under these worthy Commanders, discover your usual *Bravery* and *Courage*, and let it never be said of the ENGLISH SAILORS, that they have lost their *undaunted Boldness*, and are afraid to face such an *Enemy* as *France*.

Ye Gentlemen who chuse to go to France for Servants; is it not *Time* to consider your *Imprudence*? Why should *they* be esteem'd before those of your own *Country*? Are they more *Worthy* of your *Confidence*? Will you not be in *Danger*, should the *Enemy* come amongst us, even from those of your own *Household*? May you not *too late* *repent* your great *Indiscretion*? If I may be permitted to speak, the *Safety* of your *Persons* and *Families*, the *Security* of your *Properties*, nay every *Thing* loudly calls upon you to be upon your *Guard*, to say the least. Your *Country* prays you, your *Fellow-Subjects* entreat you, to take those *Measures* that may be most for your own *Honour* and *Safety*, as well as for that of others.

Ye affectionate Husbands; can you give up the *Wives* of your *Bosom*, those dear *Partners* with you in the *Cares* and *Comforts* of *Life*? Can you think of their being *violently torn* from you, and expos'd to all the *Rudeness* and *Cruelty* of the most *brutal Men*, who think they have a *Licence* to commit all manner of *Ravages* with *Impunity*? Does not the Thought raise in you a *Martial Spirit*, and make you willing cheerfully to *venture* your *Lives* for their *Sakes*? *Indicto*

Ye tender and indulgent Parents, who love your *Children* as *Yourselves*; are you willing your *tender Offspring* should be instructed in all the *Superstitions* of *Rome*, that their *Minds* should be early *poison'd* with *popish Principles*; or can you think of seeing them *slaughtered* before your *Eyes*, and laid *breathless* upon the *Ground*? Does not the Thought *rouze all the Powers* in your *Souls*, and inspire you with all the *Courage* a *Father's Pity* can give? Sure, my dear *Countrymen*, you have all the *Ties* of *Nature* and *Religion* to engage you to appear *Active* upon the present emergent Occasion. You must then be lost to all *Sense* of *Gratitude* and *Affection*, lost to *God*, to *yourselves*, to your *KING*, your *Country*, your *Families*,, if you are *indolent*, or refuse to *oppose* the common *Enemy*.

Ye who border upon the Sea, and live in those Places where it is most probable the *Enemy* may *first appear*. You have seen the *paternal Regard* his *Majesty* has for you and your *Country*. You have seen the *Orders* our *Sovereign* has issued out, and I doubt not but you see their *Importance*, and will *diligently attend* to them. Remember it is for *your own Security*, as well as for that of those,

those, who live at a greater Distance. Would you feed the *Enemy*, should they come to you? Would you forget all Obligations to a *Protestant Prince*, and lend Assistance to one who would pluck out your very Eyes, if he was permitted to make the Conquest of *Britain*? I doubt not but you are *too sensible* of your Privileges to give them up quietly to *France*. Be upon the *Watch* then, and merit your *Prince* and your *Country's Esteem* by your *resolutely opposing* the *Enemy*, and by *assisting* as far as you can his *Majesty's Soldiers* and *Subjects*, that they may meet with as few *Embarrassments* as possible in the proper Discharge of their Duty. And though you may *sustain* some *Loss*, yet remember, a *Protestant's Breast* is capable of much more *Pity* and *Generosity* to you in *Distress*, than a *French-man*, or a *Bigot* to *Rome*.

Ye Friends of Liberty arise. The Time may be coming, when you must *part with this*, or preserve it by *Arms*. And is not the latter unspeakably preferable to the former. You have worship'd God just as you *pleas'd*; *have sat under your own Vines, and your own Figtrees, none making you afraid*. Are you willing to be under the Controul of *mercenary Priests*, and give up all that your *Fathers* stood up in the Defence of? I know you had rather give up *Life*, than that *dearest* of all *Enjoyments*, *LIBERTY*. *Arm yourselves* then, and appear like *Men* that *know* the Excellency of this Blessing.

I might speak a Word to those, *who are of the Catbolick Religion amongst us*. And you, I doubt not, at least many of you know too much of the *Difference* between a *protestant* and *popish*

Govern-

Government, to be weary of the former. Was there to be an Exchange, even your Circumstances would be worse than they at present are. You live unmolested, you enjoy privately and almost publickly too your Religion? You have your Priests now under your own Command, but was an Alteration to be made, the Scales would soon be turn'd, and you be oblig'd to stoop to those, who now pay you a ready Obedience. If you have any Regard then for your Persons, your Families, your Estates, your Liberties, vigorously oppose any Schemes that may be form'd against our Protestant Sovereign, and his illustrious Family, lest you should come off with considerable Loss.

Finally, let none be discourag'd, notwithstanding the present situation of Things. You who are of the tender Sex, who cannot but shudder at the Prospect of War, with its direful Consequences, be not afraid. Thousands and ten thousands will cheerfully yield up their Lives, rather than GREAT GEORGE shall be detron'd, or you depriv'd of your present Privileges. Act suitably in your Stations, and let your earnest Supplications be daily sent up to Heaven for a guilty Land, and don't sink in your Minds, but may you and all the Inhabitants of this happy Island consider, that the LORD REIGNS.

Ye Inhabitants of SCOTLAND, however justly reproveable many of you were, for your Conduct in the late unnatural Rebellion; I hope the Eyes of such of you are open'd to see your Folly, and are ready with the greatest Resolution to oppose that Cause, which you then supported with your Lives and Fortunes. What was it could induce you

you to risk your All for a *Man of such Principles*? Had you a Prospect of living under a milder Government? Did you expect to enjoy greater Privileges, civil or religious? Would you have been better protected in your Rights and Immunities? Or was it the specious Pretence of *hereditary Right*, that led you into such mistaken Conduct, to incur the *just Displeasure of the best of KINGS*, and to forfeit the Regard of your Fellow-Subjects? See the Lenity of *that PRINCE*, who always the Scepter in *Mercy*, as well as in *Judgment*! But few of your Brethren were oblig'd to give up that Life, which they had so *evidently forfeited*, and fall a Sacrifice to Justice. Your *Estates*, and all your *Liberties* have been continued; you have *equally the Protection* of the Laws with the *rest of your Brethren*; and the *Government* have acted in all Respects towards you, as if you had never given them the *least Ground to suspect your Loyalty*. Should not this then endear the *present Family* to you, engage you *heartily* in their Interest, and convince you of your *late Folly*? Were you *again* to encourage a foreign Enemy, or discover any *Disloyalty*, you would be chargeable with the *biggest Ingratitude*, and could not but expect the *Displeasure of your KING and COUNTRY*. Open your Eyes, and be no longer *blinded* by the Friends of *Rome*. *Discountenance* every Thing you see that has a Tendency to disturb the Peace of our *Royal Sovereign*, and endeavour to *retrieve* that Reputation which you *so nearly lost* a few Years since.

I need not thus address the *Generality* of my Fellow-Subjects, inhabiting the *North of Britain*,
your

your Souls are full of *Loyalty* to the *Prince* *God* has seated upon the *Throne*. You are ever ready to espouse his Interest, and defend his Government to the manifest *Hazard* of your own *Lives*. Witness the late *Rebellion*, the Respect you paid to the **BRAVE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND**, the many *Prayers* your Ministers put up for his Success, and the *Readiness* with which you enter'd upon every Measure, that was calculated to *crush* your own *rebellious Countrymen*, and *establish* the Influence of the present happy Government. 'Tis pity that *one* of *your Church* should differ from you in Principle and Conduct. Sure, *strangely infatuated* must Persons of the *Scotch Profession* be, who lean to the *Family of the Stuarts*, and are disaffected to the **ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF HANOVER**! What, have you forgot the *Persecutions* raging amongst you in the *Reign of CHARLES, &c.* the *heavy Fines* your Fathers were under, the *bloody Massacres*, the many *tragical Deaths* of the *nobles* in your Country? Have you forgot how much *Christian Blood* was then spilt, and how the *Perpetration* of these Murders was *supported* by the *Family* that *then* sat upon the *Throne*? Is there any Thing in this to encourage you to *think favourably* of them? Consider the *Obligations* you are under to *God*, for his *present MAJESTY*, under whom you enjoy all the *Privileges* of a *free and happy People*. *Ye Lovers of the present Government*; spread the *Principles* of *Loyalty* and *Affection* to your *worthy KING*. Let your *Youth* be carefully instructed in the *true Principles* of *English Protestantism*, and therefore be early taught a *loyal Obedience* to our **PROTESTANT PRINCE**. See that *those* who have

have the *Care* of your Children, be such as are well attack'd to the *present Family*; and may your **UNIVERSITIES** be fill'd with such as may not only *stand up* with a becoming Zeal for that holy Religion you Profess, but *encourage* and *promote Loyalty*, wherever they come. And may you all in the present Situation of Things, give *fresh Instances* of your *Zeal* for your **SOVEREIGN**, and your earnest Concern to have *one* of the **HOUSE OF HANOVER** to sit upon the *Throne*, to transmit the *Blessings* of a *Protestant Government* to the **LATEST POSTERITY**.

Ye Inhabitants of IRELAND. You are *divided* from us by the *Sea*, but I hope not in *Affection*. We are *Subjects* with you, under the same **GLORIOUS PRINCE**, and we wish you the Continuance of all the *Blessings* which you and we at present enjoy. Your *Loyalty*, ye *Friends of KING GEORGE*, your *Loyalty* has been distinguish'd upon a *Variety* of *Occasions*, and your Concern to prevent the spread of *Bigotry* and *Superstition*, and to *establish* the generous and humane Principles of the *Protestant Religion*. Go on in the Execution of those *laudable Schemes*, which you have enter'd into, and may *Heaven* continue to *distinguish* your *Land* with an *uninterrupted Harmony* amongst its *Inhabitants*, and an *increasing Trade* and *Commerce* to enrich them. How long has a *merciful God* made you his *peculiar Care*; and yet how *awfully* have you *felt* the Effects of *Popish Fury*! You cannot forget the *melancholy Years*, when your *Fathers* were cruelly and inhumanly *Butcher'd*, nor that this was in the *Reign* of the *Stuarts*. As we appear to be at the *Eve* of a *War*, in which you will bear

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a Share

a Share as well as *we* ; be not angry with me, if I just put you in Remembrance of the *Privileges* you have enjoy'd under the *present Family*, of which I am satisfied *many of you* are sensible, and, if I endeavour to stir you up to a *noble Zeal* in the Defence of *Protestant Liberties*, and *encourage* you under the *Prospect* of whatever *Calamities* may be presented before you. And to answer this End in some Measure, permit me to present you with a short account of the dreadful *MAS-SACRE* in your own Country, taken from a late Author,—as follows.

“ The *Earl of Antrim* and *Sir Phelim O Neal*,
 “ who were at the *Head* of the *Irish Catbolicks*,
 “ having acquainted the *Pope’s Nuncio*, and
 “ some of the *Priests* about the *Queen*, how
 “ easily they could assume the *Government* of
 “ *Ireland*, and assist the *King* against the *Pro-*
 “ *testants*. Letters were wrote in the *Queen’s*
 “ *Name*, and perhaps in the *King’s*, *Authorizing*
 “ them to take up *Arms*, and to *seize* the
 “ *Government*. In the *first Design* of an *In-*
 “ *surrection*, there might be no *Thoughts* of a
 “ *MASSACRE* ; but the *Irish Papists* were will-
 “ ing to *extirpate* the *Protestants* out of that
 “ *Kingdom*, before they could with *Safety* trans-
 “ *port* their *Army* into *England*. And being
 “ *govern’d* by the *Priests*, and *set on* by them,
 “ they were guilty of the most dreadful *Cruel-*
 “ *ties*. It is most reasonable to believe, that
 “ not only the *Queen*, but the *King himself* was
 “ acquainted with the *Insurrection*, *before* it took
 “ *Place*. It appears too plain, that the *King*
 “ knew too much of the *Affair*, or at least was
 “ *willingly ignorant* of the *Progress* of it. He
 “ was

“ was unwilling to act against the Irish, and to
 “ declare them Rebels, till he found they had
 “ overrallt their Part, and then he did it, but
 “ only printed forty Copies, and not one to be
 “ dispers’d, till further Orders.

“ The affair was discover’d at the *Restoration*
 “ of *King Charles the Second*, when the *Marquis*
 “ of *Antrim*, who had been at the Head of
 “ the Rebellion, and whose Estate was confis-
 “ cated, finding himself like to be excluded
 “ the *Act of Indemnity*, came to *London*, and
 “ before he could obtain Pardon, and have his
 “ Estate restor’d, was oblig’d to produce in the
 “ *House of Commons* a *Letter* from *King Charles*
 “ the *First*, wrote with his own *Hand*, giving
 “ him express *Orders* to *take up Arms*.

“ The Project of the Insurrection was form’d
 “ in the Months of *March* and *April*, 1641,
 “ and executed *October* 23d following.—No
 “ Information of it was given to the *Protestants*,
 “ till the very *Night* before it was to take
 “ Place, when it was too late to prevent the
 “ Effects of it in the *Country*, and almost to save
 “ the *City of Dublin* itself.

“ On the Day appointed, between twenty
 “ and thirty thousand of the Native Irish, ap-
 “ pear’d in Arms in the Northern Counties, and
 “ having secur’d the *principal Gentlemen*, and
 “ seiz’d their *Effects*; they murder’d the com-
 “ mon People in *cold Blood*, forcing *many thou-*
 “ *sands* to fly from their *Houses* and *Settle-*
 “ *ments*, *naked* into the *Bogs* and *Woods*, where
 “ they perished with *Hunger* and *Cold*. No
 “ *Ties of Friendship*, *Neighbourhood* or *Consan-*
 “ *guinity* were capable of softning their *obdu-*
 “ *rate*

" rare Hearts. Some they *whip'd to Death* ;
 " others they *strip'd Naked*, and exposed to
 " *Shame*, and then drove them like Herds of
 " *Swine to Perish* in the *Mountains*. Many hun-
 " dred were *drown'd* in the *Rivers*. Some had
 " their *Throats cut*, others were *dismembered*.
 " With some the execrable Villains made
 " themselves *Sport*, trying who could back
 " deepest into a *Protestants Flesh*. *Husbands*
 " were *cut to Pieces* in the *Presence* of their
 " *Wives*. *Wives* and young *Virgins* abus'd in
 " *Sight* of their nearest *Relations*. Nay, they
 " taught their *Children* to *Strip* and *Kill* the
 " *Children* of the *Protestants*, and *dash out* their
 " *Brains* against the *Stones*. *Forty* or *fifty thou-*
 " *sand* were *Massacred* after this *Manner* in a
 " few *Days*, without *Distinction* of *Age*, *Sex*
 " or *Quality*, before they suspected their *Dan-*
 " *ger*, or had *Time* to provide for their *De-*
 " *fence* ! In a few *Weeks*, the *Insurrection* was
 " so *general*, that they took *Possession* of whole
 " *Countries*, *Murdering* the *Inhabitants*, *plun-*
 " *dering* their *Houses*, and *Killing*, or *driving*
 " away their *Cattle*. *Multitudes* of poor dif-
 " *fressed* *Creatures* and *Families* fled *naked*, and
 " half *starv'd*, first to *Dublin*, and from thence
 " to *England* with *Death*, and *Despair* in their
 " *Countenances*. "

Learn, *my Friends, my Brethren*, learn from
 hence to value a *Protestant Prince*, and *Protestant*
Liberties ; and endeavour ever to maintain them
 at the *Expence* of *all you have even of Life it-*
self. See what a *Religion* that is, that leads to
Cruelty and *Inhumanity*, and is supported by *Per-*
secution and *Blood*. *Admire* the *Providence* that
 has

has kept you from the Ruin, that has been so often design'd you, and may your Hearts and Hands be *ever united* in promoting that *Cause*, that *alone* deserves your *vigorous Support*, and will well *reward* its Friends, by giving them the Enjoyment of the most *invaluable Blessings*.

Thus, *my Fellow-Subjects*, I have endeavour'd to impress your Minds with a Sense of *Duty*, and to stir you up to act with a noble *Zeal* in the Defence of your *KING*, and your *LIBERTIES*. If what I have said is but a Means of answering this desireable End, it will give a *peculiar Satisfaction* to him, who desires ever to walk Worthy of those *invaluable Liberties*, he enjoys under the Government of the *best of Kings*, and is *your most sincere Wellwisher* in all Respects.

S. HAYWARD.

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